JEFFERSON DAVIS has a hundred thou-

sand acres of land for sale. However

attached he may have been to the Lost

Cause, he does not want any Confederate

THE report that the Pennsylvania Rail-

road people are boasting in Philadelphia

that they have captured the committee ap-

pointed by the Board of Trade to advocate the

Belt Line project, indicates that the big cor-

poration is disposed to repeat, with regard

to that enterprise, its tactics against the

IT is hoped that after election day is past

in Ohio the politicians will consider it

consistent with their patriotic duties to stop

can consider itself entitled to claim a place

PROPLE OF PROMINENCE.

PRESIDENT ELIOT, of Harvard, has declared

MR. CLAUS SPRECKELS, the sugar manu

acturer, has removed most of his personal

operty from San Francisco, and will make his

MRS, AUSTIN CORBIN, Miss Corbin and more

than a score of their friends are making an

autumn topr in the White Mountains. A few

of them are in carriages and the rest of them

MRS. BENJAMIN HARRISON will go to New

York within a fortnight to order several recep-

tion costumes for the winter. Both she and

Mrs. Robert McKee will have their work done

by the tailor who made their inaugural cos

THE bronze statue at Vienna of the composer

Schubert, who was a short, insignificant man,

with coarse features, represents a gentleman of great elegance, tall and stately form, seated on a heap of stones, with his elbow resting on a

tree stump and a pencil in his hand, as if writ-

ing in a large book upon his knees. He gazes

THE announcement comes from the Pacific

coast that ex-Senator Fair proposes to take up his residence in New York, and will probably

secure a large house and entertain conspicu

ously during the coming winter. Miss Tessie

Fair, the Senator's daughter and heiress, has a

wide popularity at the West, and is quoted as

A PORTRAIT painted by Van Dyck, which he

thought so good that he took it about with him

on his travels as a sample of his skill, is that of

Cornelius von der Geest in the National Gal-lery, London. No picture in the gallery is so

often copied. A crack has made its appear-

ance in this masterpiece, running up from the

bottom of the picture about four inches and

COLONEL FRANKLIN FAIRBANKS President

of the Fairbanks Scale Company, will give to the town of St. Johnsbury, Vt., his entire col-

lection of birds, minerals, shells and curiosities,

and erect a suitable granite building for a mu-

finest in this country. His other curiosities in-

A PHANTOM CHILD.

Ghost Appears in the Rondway in Bron

Daylight.

Pleasantville, Westchester county, are deba

ing among themselves whether they have or

have not a ghost in their midst. This state of

mind has been brought about by a statement

nade the other day by a centleman who does

not wish his name to appear in print. He says that recently, while riding in company with

his wife along Hillside avenue, after passing

the residence of Ira Nodine, they reached a place on the old road when his wife attracted his attention by exclaiming, "Don't run over that child!" Locking in the direction pointed out by her he says he distinctly saw a child standing in the road near the head of his horse.

He turned aside as quickly as possible, but not quick enough, for the whiffletree seemed to both of them to strike the child. He imme

both of them to strike the child. He immediately stopped his horse, when they were surprised to discover that no child was there. It had vanished from their sight, leaving no trace. There were no bushes or other shelter of any kind whatever in which it could have

This occurred in broad daylight and at

point where there was nothing to obstruct the rision, and any object could be seen for a long listance in either direction. It is said by some

of the oldest inhabitants thereabout that in early times several visions similar to the above were reported. Still, this gentleman is neither a believer in ghosts nor a Spiritualist.

THE FASTEST OF MAIL TRAINS.

Continent in Four Days.

BANGOR, ME., October 13.-The Canadian

Pacific has perfected a time table for the run-

ing of a mail train which for speed will eclipse

anything known in the history of railroading

from Vancouver or Port Moody, B. C. to St.

John, N. B .- from the Pacific to the Atlantic-

in four days. It was requested by the home

passengers will be taken, and it is to run

The Canadian Pacific Proposes to Cross

NEW YORK, October 13.-The people

howing the ground on which it was painted

very charming and sensible girl.

into the air with a rapt look.

in the front rank of civilization.

me henceforth at Philadelphia.

mselt a Democrat.

slinging mud and take mutual baths.

South Penn project.

reading and thinking about. But this is "sta

to be a poet of nature; he wanted to expound "a final philosophy of life." He made a good many attempts, and left some very dreary poetry as the result, but in this, his great ideal,

It was as a poet of nature that he succeeded

Perhaps it is the fault-finding spirit of the "Sandal Maker of Babylon" which possesses the critic as he reads Will Carlton's City Le-

BLAINE AT HIS NEW HOUSE.

Supervises the Moving.

Mr. Blaine, the Secretary of State has been

Gath, in Cincinnati Enquirer, 1

—A man 30 years old, with no nair on h head, no whiskers on his face, and no eyebrow is under treatment in a St. Louis hespital. H comes from Texas and claims to have bee hairless from his birth. He has been marris once, and another Lone Star belle has agree to become his bride if the defects in his making can be remedied. That is why he put him self in the doctor's hands. -Early last summer a young girl at Sum-

merside, Prince Edward Island, wrote her name and address upon an egg, which subsequently found its way to Beston, Mass, among other shipments. The parents of the young lady visited Boston recently, and, strange to say, were introduced to the young Bostonian who had received the egg and asked them if they knew the young lady—their own daughter. Explanations followed and a correspondence was opened. The wedding is to take place in December.

day received a package by express which was found to contain a gold watch and chain, a gold ring and \$30 in money stolen from him five years ago. The sender asked that the receipt be acknowledged in the local papers and promised to send the rest of the money stolen if Mr. Brown would notify him of the amount. The restitution is supposed to be the result of the revival now being held at Kingaton. Two men are now serving sentences at the Central prison for the crime.

died last Wednesday, and since that time steady rain has been falling on the part of th roof immediately above the chamber in which he died. At first it attracted no attention he cled. At first it attracted no attention until it was noticed that there was not a clou in the heavens, and the rain continued to fa only in the one place. The neighbors notice it and became much archited, and hundreds o people seen flocked to see the singular occur rence. An eye witness states that the limits of the rainfall are so exact that one can hold hi hand in the rain and only get it wet so far as hintroduces his hand. The deceased was a linked.

-The Lods Zeitung states that an extra ordinary discovery was made in an old lumbe room at Lodm. An old arm chair, which had room at Lodm. An old arm chair, which had belonged to the present owner's grandfather, and had been put away in an attic for want of room, was brought out the other day to be recovered. When the old cover was taken off, a large packet was found stuffed into the seat of the chair, containing three bank notes of 1,000 roubles each, 800 foubles in gold, a receipt from the bank, dated 1807, for 6,500 roubles, and several bonds. The chair has been in the possession of the present ewner for some years, and was looked upon as a useless piece of old furniture.

-The intelligence comes from Paris that subterranean river has just been discovered in the district of Miere, in the department of

-The builders tell a rather intere story of a Buffalo capitalist, who was summarily taken down for trying to set his self up as the end of all things in whatever

excavating in his garden at Harbor Springs Mich. He dug up three skeletons in one grave the most of the bones being in a fair state of preservation, together with two steel tomanawks, a stone pipe, a copper kettle with cranehooks, and a silver breastplate at large as a saucer. If there was ever any inscription upon the breastplate it had been obliterated.

-About three months and a half ago the

containing two small box constrictors which some thrifty sailor had brought along as a private importation. During the discharge of the cargo this fateful and saskeful barrel got tipped over, and the two snakes, believing that the sailor's accident was their opportunity, glided gently away and hid in the shadows under the pier. The other day two workmen on the pier were surprised to see a snake's head pop up through a crack. They issued it with a piece of wire, drew the reptile out and killed it. Its length was nearly five feet. The other snake is still at large.

As Far Back As They Remember.

TRI-STATE TRIFLES.

Two large black bears leisurely marche through the village of Woolrich, Clinton county, Saturday, and then hied themselves to the woods, followed by a crowd of Nimrods. Old hunters predict bears will be unusually

A GREEN mail agent on the Reading Rail-road hung out the mail-bag catcher and hooked a reel of hose from a water-tank.

THERE are 25 saloon keepers yet to be tried in Reading for violation of the liquor laws.

FRED WILSON, of Jefferson county, O., had

a coon dog that he wouldn't have sold for \$60. But last week the dog tackled a coon that was more than his match, got his eyes scrate out and had to be killed. A LARGE black bear was seen

A FARMER in Brooke county, W. Va., has an old-fashioned pocketbook that his father and grandfather used to carry. He estimates that more than \$200,000 has been in it since it was in use.

STEEL is being turned out of a Res

THE CRITIC. the Sermonizing Novelist of To-day Discussed-Bret Harte and the Short Story

-Monopolies and the People-Chronic

Despotism and Chronic War Compared-

Nationalism as a Remedy—The Jackdaw

of Rheims. "There is to be taught wax works of all sorts The millenium would be here to-morrow if we -fruits upon trees or in dishes, all manner of confections, flesh, fish, fowl, or anything that can be made of wax Philligree work of any could dispose of monopolies, and poverty, and of despotism and war, and of all the other illa can be made of wax Philligree work of any sort. Japanese work, painting on glass, sashes for windows upon sarsnet or transparent pa-per, straw work of any sort, as horses, birds, or beasts, shell work in sconces or flowers, quill work, transparent work, puff work, paper work, tortoise work, gimp or bugie work, silver land-skips, a sort of work in imitation of Japanof despotism and war, and of all the other ills which vex society, after the sorry fashion of the "Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims." When that impudent little Jackdaw made off with his turquoise ring, you remember how. "He called for his candle, his bell and his book," and proceeded to curse the undiscovered thief with such an elaboration of ingenious and comprehensive malediction, that one remembers that "digest of curses" in Tristram Shandy, at the end of which, good Uncle Toby, drawing a long breath, declared that he wouldn't curse the devil himself with a curse so hard as that. The Cardinal's curse discovered the criminal instanter. The poor little, skips, a sort of work in imitation of Japan; tape lace, cutting glass, washing lace, pastry of all sorts, with the finest shapes that's used in London; boning fowl without cutting the back, butter work, conserving and candying; all sorts of English wines, wriding and arithmetic, mu-sic and the great end of dancing, which is a wouldn't curse the devil himself with a curse of so hard as that. The Cardinal's curse discovered the criminal instanter. The poor little, rascally Jackdaw's feathers were turned the wrong way. Nothing was left him but the necessity of confession. A good round curse would be a good plan, if it would work so speedily and well as that. A bell, a book, and a candle would become useful articles in every Court House.

The Jackdaw of Rheims is published, with pictures which are almost as good as the text, by Raphael Tuck & Sous. We expect good work from that house, but this is a better piece of work than common. It is a pity that the artist who made these spirited and fitting pictures should not have his name upon the title page. It is almost like having the pleasure of reading the poem for the first time to find it with such graphic interpretation. From the front cover, where the Jackdaw stands with his bill in the air, beside the red-robed cardinal, to the back cover, where, with a halo around his head, he is pictured as a saint in a stained window, the pictures are charmingly done, everyone of them.

There is some differences between "The

cood carriage, and several other things."

This, in the year 1703, was the course of THE United States Supreme Court begins study in a young ladies' school. We have its annual term at Washington this week. changed things somewhat since that.

Mr. Morgan's paper on "Ladies and Learning," in the Atlantic Monthly for October, is Being able to hear about 400 cases in a term, and having 1,325 cases on the docket, the anxious suitor must possess his soul in followed by an exceedingly clever paper by Agnes Repplier on "Fiction in the Pulpit."
Miss Repplier is not pointing her sharp pen at preachers who tell lies, but at novelists who patience until Congress helps the court or the court helps itself by holding longer preach sermons. The trouble, she says, with the novelists of our day and generation is that REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE'S tabernacle they all want to attire themselves in gown and bands; they all want to preach sermons. When has gone up in smoke for the time being; but Rev. T. Dewitt Talmage's talk still flows Coleridge said to Lamb, "Did you ever hear me preach?" Lamb answered, as everybody knows, "I never heard you do anything else." It is undoubtedly true that the most notable of recent fiction writers are among those who, if THE test of the dynamite guns on the There is some difference between "The Jackdaw of Rhiems" and "The Reciuse," by William Wordsworth. One difference is that the "Jackdaw" is about a hundred times more interesting. The interest of "The Reciuse" is attached not so much to the poem, as to what it tells us about the poet, "The Reciuse," coming out now for the first time a hundred years after Wordsworth wrote it, affords a text for Prof. Minto's paper in the Reptember Nineteenth Century on "Wordsworth's Great Failure."

Wordsworth, it seems, was not contented to be a poet of nature; he wanted to expound Vesuvius having demonstrated their ability we cannot say that they never do "anything to sling 1,500 pounds of dynamite per minute at the aggressive toreigner, this nation

else," do manage to write a good many sermons.
"Great is the company of the preacher."
"Mrs. Battle," the essayist remembers, "relaxed herself, after a game of whist, over that genial and unostentations trifle called a novel. Fancy Mrs. Battle relaxing herself over 'Daueril.' or the 'Story of an African Farm!' " Mrs. Repplier maintains that Mrs. Battle's idea of the purpose of the novel is the right one. In which opinion, no doubt, the young ladies of 1703 would have heartily coincided. The business of the novelist is to please. Nobody asks him to teach. Nobody wants him to preach. We ask him to give us two hours' pleasant entertainment. And, "to beguile us into the pleasant shades of fiction, as Jael beguiled Sisera into the shelter of her tent, and then, with deadly purpose, to transfix us with a truth as sharp and cruel as the nail with which Jacl slew her guest, is a dastardly betrayal of

he failed.

It was as a poet of nature that he succeeded, and especially as a writer of short poems. And yet he wrote some of the longest pieces of poetry which any poet ever imposed on his admirers. So little are men conscious, sometimes, of their genuine aptitudes!

Wordsworth wrote verses for nearly 80 years. But all that will likely last of his poetry was written during ten years of that time. The consequence is that Wordsworth appears at his best only in a book of good selections. Such a book is better than the most comprehensive "Complete Works"—even though that include the poem "On Wilkinson's Spade." Mr. Rolfe has made a first-rate presentation of Wordsworth in his "William Wordsworth's Select Poems." (Harper & Bros.; J. R. Weldin & Co.). This little book, with its pictures by Abby and Parsons, its paragraphs from Wordsworth's autobiography, its quotations from Matthew Arnold, and its careful annotating and editing, is the very best shape in which the general poet. confidence." Well, so it goes, one on one side, and anothe on the other; 1703 and 1889; the novel with a purpose, and the novel whose purpose is to The truth is, we want both kinds. Let the writer write his book: and whether it turn out a song or whether it turn out a sermon, if it is genuinely good, if it is worth either the singing or the preaching, what does it matter? Only, do not make us read too many sermons!

No one, I think, will be likely to suspect Mr. Bret Harte of being a novelist who is trying to ascend the pulpit stairs, Indeed, there are some who would like to argue the assertion that he is even a novelist. His novels have not won very conspicuous success, at least Mr. Harte's strength is in the writing of a short story. That he can do admirably. And so he American not only in his subject, but in his style; for the short story is the peculiar contribution of this country to recent fiction. The best writers of short stories live in that part of this round earth which was discovered by Co-

Mr. Harte has gathered several capital short stories into The Heritage of Dedlow Marsh (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Beside the title story are three others: "A Knight Errant of the Foot Hills" and "A Secret of Telegraph Hill" and "Captain Jim's Friend." Bret Harte has no need to put his name on the title page of this book. We would have recognized it as his property if we had discovered it with the | The Secretary, Apparently Well and Strong back off and the front pages missing in the dustiest cupboard of the library of the Convent of St. Catherine in Mt. Sinai.

These people are old friends of ours. Here

so often described as having his mouth drawn are the same simple-minded and remarkably down at the corner, having a mysterious whitetender-hearted miners whom we have known of of-an-egg color, indicative of devastated kidwork of house-moving, which will break down a man of iron health. I was passing from extraordinary courtesy, such a bad fellow, and yet such an amazingly good fellow, too! We Pennsylvania avenue toward the new Arlinghave been introduced to him more than twice ton Hotel, which is being more than doubled in size when I saw the old Rodgers-Sewar Mr. Herbert Bly, a member of a San Francisco

vigilance committee, has been out all day on a man hunt. The vigilantes are after several notorious gamblers and desperadoes. Mr. Bly comes home pretty tired, opens the door of his room and goes in, and there is a strange man asleep upon his bed. The guest opens his eyes. Well, Johnny, what's your name? "'I am Herbert Bly, of Carstone's bank."

in size, when I saw the oid Rodgers-Seward mansion in a new coat of dark red paint, and I observed to my companion that these oid houses stood well up among their new cotemporaries. A wagon was at the door, and as I came nearer I read upon the cases the words, "James G. Blaine, Washington, D. U. Glass. This side up with care."

The simplicity of the address of so great a functionary provoked a smile, and turning to the open door of the old mansion it was seen to be unoccupied. "Let us go in," said my friend, "and see what it looks like." As we were about entering the door a man with a hat on advanced from one of the side parlors, and we found the Secretary of State doing his own moving. In view of the fact that this gentleman at this moment is giving as international party—an excursion to representatives from most of the other American States at a cost of more than \$100,000—it seemed republican simplicity in the highest degree to find him slone "So! And a member of this same vigilance committee, I reckon,' he continued. "Well, Mr. Bly, I owe you an apology for coming here, and some thanks for the only leep I've had in 48 hours. I struck this old

shehang at about 10 o'clock, and it's now 2 so I sleep. Now look here.' He beckoned Herbert more than \$100,000—it seemed republican sim-plicity in the highest degree to find him slone directing the furniture men where to put the toward the window. 'Do you see those three men standing under that gas-light? Well, they're part of a gang of vigilantes who've hunted me out to the hill, and Why Field Goes Abroad. are walting to see me come out of From the Washington Post.I the bushes, where they reckon I'm hiding. Go Mr. Eugene Field, the gifted Chicagoan, ha sailed for Europe. We understand his purto them and say that I'm here! Tell them you've get Gentleman George-George Dorn-ton, the man they've been hunting for a weekeye on Mr. Charles A. Dana, in order that the able New Yorker may not bring undue inin this 'room. I promise you I won't stir nor kick up a row when they've come. Do it, and fluences upon Mr. Christopher Columbus rela-Carstone, if he's a square man, will raise your tive to the location of that eminent Eyetalian's quadricentennial fair.

salary for it, and promote you.' He yawned slightly, and then slowly looking around him, A Sad Day Approaching. drew the easy chair toward him and dropped comfortably in it, gazing at the astounded and From the Baltimore American. motionless Herbert with a lazy smile. Edison is perfecting a machine for telephon This is delightful. It is thoroughly Harte's style and the whole book carries one

back just as charmingly to the days of Poker going out between the acts to see a man. It is not easy to think up any particular con

ing a phonograph. The sad day may yet come when a person can have no possible excuse for ODD ITEMS FROM ABROAD.

THE latest Parisian novelty in gloves has a

small purse inserted in the paim, wherein women can carry their railway tickets and

WALTER SCOTT was the peculiar object of the late Wilkie Collins' worship, and he probably never passed a day without taking up one of the Waverly novels.

THE Rev. Baring Gould, who is a musician as well as an author, has organized a company of amateurs, who have had great success in singing old Cornish and Devon ballads through those countles. M. NANTET reached the Paris Exposition at.

ter a seven days' journey from Brussels in a phaeton drawn by a pair of dogs. He is a hu-mane man, and when his dogs were tired he vent between the shafts while they mounted the box. GENERAL FAIDHERBE, who died recently in Paris, was almost the only French commander who; in the war of 1870-71 gained & distinct, un-

deniable advantage over the enemy, and quite the only one who in a pitched battle caused the Germans to retreat. THE Duke of Edinburgh has practically ex patriated himself, and will hereafter visit En giand only occasionally. His disgust with the Prince of Wales for permitting the Princess Louise to marry the Duke of Fife is the cause.

he is a cantankerous person, and has never been popular in England.

On the day of the general election the French, it would seem, allay their exc tement by heavy eating. On Sunday, September 22, they ate fowls. On the previous Sunday, a very fine day, they consumed 100,000 pounds less weight of oysters and 8,000 pounds less weight of fowls.

A FRENCH statistician has just ascertained that a human being of either sex, who is a moderate eater, and who lives to be 70 years old, consumes during "the days of the years of his life" a quantity of food which would fill 20 ordinary railway baggage cars. A "good eater," however, may require as many as 80. A MAN, Mr. John Leversha, appeared as plaintiff in a breach of promise suit in Sand-hurst, Australia, during last month. He claimed \$4,000 from Miss Sarah Wrangham. (He was il years of age, The de-fendant pleaded that she was an infant when the promise was made, but the jury found for the plaintiff, and awarded him a milling dam-

reading and thinking about. But this is "state socialism," this is "nationalism," if anyone wants the technical name set to it. This is the "way out" which Mr. Bellamy has suggested in the opening pages of "Looking Backward." This is what the Nationalist societies are aiming at. This is simply the postoffice system, and the inter-State commerce law, and several other significant features of our present social state carried out logically. After all, why not? Mistakes of Unbellevers. To the Editor of The Dispatch: In last Monday's issue of THE DISPATCH a peared an article over the signature of "J. H. Y.," which I thought would have received notice from some of the leading clergymen of Pittaburg, but not having seen anything from that source, I ask for space for a brief retort. One of the mistakes of infidels is in suppo fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field."
"J. H. Y." mistakes widely if he thinks Sir
David Hume said anything that trouble the
friends of the Bible. His syllogism, to the

> universal experience of mankind; that men will lie, being in accord therewith, and that it is easier to believe that 12 men lied than that one man rose from the dead, needs no answer. It is simply a truism. The trouble with it is, that it is not broad enough to cover the testimony on which the miracles and resurrection of Jesus Christ rests.
>
> Men are moved to lie by motives of gain or advantage, and for men to lie against motive is as contrary to the experience of mankind as for one to rise from the dead. This the witnesses to Christ's miracles and resurrection did, unless they told the truth. They forfeited all anothly comforts and their lives for saying mony on which the miracles and resurrection all earthly comforts and their lives for saying they had seen Him, talked with Him, eater with Him, and touched Him after He was no to death. Not only 12 men, but hundreds

OUR MAIL POUCH.

to death. Not only 12 men, but hundreds did
this when they might have saved all by simply
telling the truth. It is easier to believe such
testimony than to disbelieve it, and the learned
Hume doesn't touch it. "If weak thy faith
why choose the harder side?"
According to Darwin, Huxley, Spencer and
their indefatigable co-laborers, all credit for
their industrious and fruitful research into the
records of nature, and for their valuable discoveries in the fields of science. Whenever
they promulgate the theory that species have
been produced by evolution, the humblest
country parson should have courage to answer
them, with the Bible in his hand declaring that
the Almighty God created the ancestral them, with the Bible in his hand declaring that the Almighty God created the ancestral pair of each species and gave them power to reproduce their kind and nothing but their kind. He would be unworthy to speak in the name of the Lord if he did less, and until evolutionists shall discover the "Missing Link" they have no facts whatever with which to controvert this Bible truth; and believers have no fear that such evidence will ever be brought forth. From Thales to Plato, Greece produced a long line of brilliant intellects who devoted themselves during more than 700 years to the task of finding out the mysteries of the creation. The result of their efforts was self-proclaimed in the inscription in the city of Athens, "To the Unknown God," and the philosophers of the present day are no wiser

philosophers of the present day are no wiser than were they who then sought by wisdom to find out God. There is nothing wrong with Pope's couplet when properly applied. For modes of Faith let graceless bigots fight, He can't be wrong whose life is in the right. But his life can never be in the right who re-fuses to learn what right is from Him who alone is the standard of right. "He who hath ears to hear let him hear" what his Creator says: "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." WELLSBURG, W. VA., October 12.

Should Clergymen Read the Newspaper To the Editor of The Dispatch: I see in Saturday's DISPATCH that Bish Foss, in his address to the class seeking admission to Conference, advised the young ministers to give scanty attention to the daily news-

the critic as he reads Will Carlton's City Legends (Harper & Bros.: J. R. Weldin & Co.). At any rate, the pictures in the book have the look of being clumeily done, and some of the poems are not much better. "They pummel each other rhythmically with the remaining manuscripts. One of them (the manuscripts) flies open and reveals still another dialect poem upon still another humble subject. This additional calamity unnerves them, and they fall into each other's arms, sobbing poetically." These poets have been comparing poems. The poems are in the book. The reader may venture, if he will, and see if the poems affect him in the same unpleasant manner. Let us except, however, "The Sandal-Maker of Babylon." He is worth all the other people in the book. papers. Let me whisper a secret, namely, that this address to the candidates is called the Conference "whip," for, though ostensibly for the candidates, it is really an indirect way of giving Episcopal chastisement to the whole Conference! But I must certainly disagree with this Episcopal dictum, for I think the wise reading of the daily newspapers is a symmetrical edu-cation. While things slip in semetimes which cation. While things slip in sometimes which ought to be passed by, the editors of a great paper have the true Midas-touch, and know the gold of promise from the brass of profession. There is no noble sentiment, no true strain of poetry, no sonorous word fit to roll round the world, no gem of thought, but finds its way at last into the columns of the daily press. The newspaper is a fresh photograph of human life—oh! has if not depth, of meaning for the noblest sermon? I read often, even the advertisements of the paper, and find in them the wit, power and also the pathos of life. I thank the daily press for the living sermons it has given me. As on an autumn's day the wind shakes the tree and the leaves fall down and make an

its white leaves upon the world—leaves of knowledge, leaves of healing.

I would advise ministers to read the speech as it comes hot from the eloquent lips of Gladstone rather than his treatise on "Theological Authority," and when I see a young minister who wisely reads the daily paper, I am sure he is growing in grace, at least on that spot where it is thought the average minister is sadly deficient.

Paster Unitarian Church. Paster Unitarian Church.
Pritaburg, October 12.

The Governor's Term. To the Editor of The Dispatch: For how long a term is the present Governor of Penusylvania elected? What county is he

SALEM, O., October 12. [Four years. Governor Beaver is from Bellefonte, Center county.]

A WELCOME VISITOR.

The Joy of a Parisian Fakir on Hearing His Native Tongue Spoken. From the Philadelphia Inquirer, 1

J. C. Osborne, of the Lafayette Hotel, and his wife were in Paris recently doing the exhibition. Mr. Osborne's French is limited to "we, mosieur," and consequently he found things rather lonely, as he found very few people who could speak English. At the hotel, on the street and, in fact, everywhere he went, the French jargon would greet his ears. Walking along the street one day he noticed an advertisement of the Buffalo Bill Wild West and he saw in this a relief. He felt certain that he would find somebody who knew his tongue there. He at once made for the Expesition grounds. His dismay was great upon reaching the grounds to find the name of the great William over the entracee in French, French ticket sellers, French ushers and a French master of ceremonies. Nevertneless he took a seat. All around him everybody was talking animated French, only as Frenchmen can, when suddenly his heart was filled with joy to hear a fakir sing out:

"Here yer are, prize candy boxes, I franc a piece; prize in every box, dead sure."

Mr. Osborne knew his man, and in a spirit of enthusiasm yelled, "Bats!"

The fakir was equally happy and, rushing along the street one day he noticed an adver-

onthusiasm yelled, "Rats!"

The fakir was equally happy and, rushing toward Mr. Osborne, said:
"Hello! Cully, glad to see yer. First civilized man I have seen in a month. How, things on the Howery!"

The Cow Was There.

Philadelphia Record.

The pupils at a Green street kindergarten were instructed to draw a landscape, the features of which should be a barn, brook and two cows. Little Helen Highstrung handed in her sketch, and the teacher saw that she had forgotten one of the animals. "Where's the other cow. Helen?" she asked. "Why—why—it's in the barn," said Helen.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

October in its solemn stillness dyes
The leavy world a variegated crest;
Its winds breathe but in melancholy sigh: A requiem on the brown year's pul Each fitful gust doth scatter to the ground A wealth of colors kings might proudly wear; In every leaf a diadem is found, On every tree a thousand fillets fair.

On every bough a flaming torch is lit,
That mingles with the sunset's lingering ray,
Effulgent flood—and to extinguish it.
To slothful twilight slowly sinks the day. And even after night her curtain drops,

Pegasus sweeps the center of the sky, And lights sgain the blazing maple tops, With sparks that from his dery fetlocks fly. nd when the mighty god of day doth soar, On radiant wings, above the Eastern hills, Then comes the sparkling flow of light once a And all creation with its brightness fills.

'Tis in this ambient flood of russet light October rules, in somber mien, the day; a holy calm that follows through the night Her constellations as they tread their way.

The lowly cricket chirps in peaceful bliss.
Upon the hearthstone warming into life;
The happy child delays its bedtime kiss;
Through lengthened evening knits the housewife.

The haif-way house from summer to the snow, would that thy noonday and thy evening's sheen From out our lives U, never more, could go, —W. COTTEN DOWNING.

Farnished to Disputch Ronders in Yes-terday's Mammoth Triple Number. Twenty pages of live news and good literature, furnished by some of the best writers of Europe and America, were placed before DISPATCH readers yesterday. A complete record of important events in all parts of the world, together with scores of carefully prepared articles, covering a wide variety of interesting topics, was presented in a most attractive form. THE DISPATCH believes that the best is none too good for its readers, and is constant in its endes yor to supply their wants.

A startling conspiracy has come to light in connection with the Cronin case. Six persons have been indicted for conspiring to defeat justice by the attempted bribery of jurors. One of the accused has made a confession, implicating court officials. C. E. McGregor shot and killed J. M. Cody at Warrenton, Ga. Both were prominent citizens. Mrs. Ernest, the wife of a St. Louis merchant, jumped from a bridge, 118 teet high, into the river, in a fruitless attempt to commit suicide. Fire in a a bridge, 118 feet high, into the river, in a fruitless attempt to commit suicide. Fire in a fumber yard at Horton City, Pa., caused a camage of \$175,000. Senator Manderson's pension is alleged to have been declared illegal. The International delegates visited Niagara Falls on Saturday. Doctors fear Secretary Halford will have to quit his duties on account of illness. The horrible death of a lineman in New York by electricity has aroused Mayor Grace to earnest warfare against the overhead wires.

wires.

From London comes the cheering news that the cause of home rule for Ireland is making steady progress. G. W. Williams, an American negro, well known as a lecturer and author, is to marry a well-connected English girl. Bismarck is trying to personade the Char that the present European alliance is for peaceful purposes only. The Russian ruler has not yet declared his intentions.

There is more discord among the musicial It is understood that the Grand Opera Hou will withdraw from the Protective Union. T will withdraw from the Protective Union. Ten million bushels of coal are ready for shipment when the river rises. Rev. Colonel Danks has been suspended from the ministry for a year for threatening the life of another man.

An interesting discussion of the League Brotherhood's plans was a leading feature of the sporting columns. The Allegheny team defeated the Wheeling club by a score of 2 to 1. The usual amount of sporting news and gossip The usual amount of sporting news and gossip

Part second contained the continuation of Prof. Ebers' entertaining story of "Joshua," superbly illustrated. Brenan contributed a well-told ghost story that was full of humor. Wales furnished a pleasing sketch of rifle ranges of the local mittary organizations. A number of well-known literary remains and number of well-known literary women, among them Louise Chandler Moulton, the Duchess Mrs. Frank Leslie, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Mrs. Mary J. Holmes and Kate Field, gave their views on the theme "I Wish I Were a Man." views on the theme "I Wish I Were a Man."
The usual departments, and special articles by
James B. Morrow, Rev. George Hodges, Bessie
Bramble, Morton, M. M. Dilke, H. T. McClelland, G. H. Sandison, M. M., and others were
also included in this part of the paper.
In part third S. O. R. described an Alaskan
summer, giving an interesting glimpse of the
customs of the people of that country. "A
Daughter of the Slavs" was the title of a
charming novelette by Signay Lusty.

Daughter of the Slavs" was the title of a charming novelette by Sidney Luska. "The Blind Prince," a pretty story for younger readers, was contributed by Ernest H. Heinrichs. Henry Haynie's letter described the quaint old monastery of Grande Chartreuse. Other articles in pages 17 to 20 included "We Rank With cles in pages 17 to 20 included "We Rank With Kings," by Theodore Stanton; "Goodby, Queen Anne," R. W. Shoppell; "The Dead Novells," Hall Caine; "Guarding the Sale," M. C. Williams; Clara Belle's Chat; "Why Women Deceive," Maud Howe; "Cooking a Fine Art," Adrien Tenu; "Sunday Thoughts" and "The Fireside Sphinx," It was a most excellent number.

A LONG-LIVED RACE.

Very Numerous in Ireland.

From the London Lancet. 1
The Irish report for 1888 records the deaths of 16,611 persons aged upward of 75 years; the 208 reputed centenarians were therefore equal to 12.5 per 1,000 of those who died above the age of 75 years. If we measure the 50 reputed censame manner we find that they were equal to L1 per 1,000 of the recorded deaths of persons aged upward of 75 years. We are faced, there-fore, with two alternatives. Either we must believe that of persons aged upward of 75 years more than 12 times as many attain the age of 00 years in Ireland as in England, or we must

100 years in Ireland as in England, or we must decline to accept as trustworthy the statement of the Registrar General of Ireland that 208 undoubted centenarians died in that country during the past year.

Indeed, further ground for doubting the accuracy of the Registrar General's report as to Irish centenarianism is afforded by the fact that the death rate in Ireland among persons aged upwards of 85 years (stated by Dr. Grimshaw to have been 97.9 per 1,000 in 1888) has, in recent years, somewhat exceeded that which has prevailed in England and Wales. If the mean death rate amang persons aged upward of 65 years is higher in Ireland than in England, there is the best ground for disbelieving that the proportion of survivers to the age of 100 years is larger in Ireland than in England.

DR. DEPEW MEETS A CHUM.

A Newsboy Sixes Up the Situation und Brenks Up the Proceedings. From the New York Sun.1

At about 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon a handsomely dressed, powerfully built man, with closely cropped side whiskers and a benev-olent mouth, stopped in Park Place to examine a big colored portrait of Doctor Chauncey Mitchell Depew, which a street agent of the artist was exhibiting to the passing crowd. The man with the side whiskers and benevolent mouth inspected the picture very critook a dozen different positions took a dozen different positions before it, craned his neck to the right and left and forward and backward. In the midst of this inspection a small newsboy happened along. He looked over the portrait and the big man before it, Then he exclaimed:

"Ho, see de chap a lookin' at his own picter."

Two or three-men who heard the small boy's exclamation passed the word along that here was Dr. Depew, and a crowd gathered. Then Dr. Depew began to notice that he and his picture and his admirers were blocking the sidewalk.

'How much is that?" he asked the agent

The woman-suffragists of Boston are to give a historical pageant to-day. The scenes will not go back further than the founding of Rome, as the managers have decided to limit the exhibits to matters within their own personal

old plank road leading to Wilmore, about four miles southwest of Ebensburg, on Thursday. He was following Greeley's advice, going West.

-A man 30 years old, with no hair on his

-J. E. Brown, of Delta, Ont., on Mon-

-A man who lived near Fidelity, Mo.,

Lot. "Two explorers found the river at the bottom of a gouffre or abyse known as the Pix of Paderae. Beturning thither with a folding boat, made of salicioth, they worked their way down stream for a couple of miles through a succession of wonderful grotroes sparking with stalactics. They found seem lakes on the way, and had to shoot 37 cascades or rapid. The two explorers intend to stars on a frest expedition to ascertain, if possible, the outle, of this unknown river. They conjecture that it joins one of the heads of the Dordogne six miles from the abyas."

-Eli Palmiter struck a rich find while

-About three months and a name ago some schooner Mosquito, from the Mosquito Coast of Central America, dropped alongside Pier II, in the East river, New York, and unloaded her cargo of rubber and occannata. The schooner carried in her deck cargo a barrel containing two small box constrictors which some thrifty sailor had brought along as a

CLIPPED RITS OF WIT.

It is very difficult to find a key to success

from the property room of a theater, said he was only taking a knight-cap before going to bed.-The nights are getting longer, but the roung man who occupies half of a parior chair with his girl every evening doesn't realize it.—

Chief-Have you got any clews!" Subordinate—No; but I've caught the criminal. Chief—Well, you must go out and get a few clews. It will never do to break established roles, you know.—Terre Hante Express.

"It's always a relief to me when it comes "It s always a relief to me when it comes time to pay Bridget," said Mrs. Housekeep, "Why?" inquired her husband. "Because that is the only time when I feel positive that she doesn't employ me."—Washington Capital.

Jones, a chronic bore, telling about an Jones, a chronic bore, teiling about an octdent in which a man was drowned, said:
"It happened in less time than I take to teil it."
"I guess so; otherwise the man might have been secued," replied a disgusted listener, yawning.
Texas Siftings. Encouraging a bashful man.—Hostess— Won't you sing something, Mr. Greeney Mr. Greene—There are so many strangers here

Johnny-I wonder why I can't make my

Elder Sister-Perhaps the caudal appendage is disproportionate to the superfictal area.

I don't think that's it. I believe there isn't reight enough on the tail. — Texas Siftings. Father-Young man, you have asked me

my shoulder for shout two years, three nights per seek, and to her satisfaction. I have no fears for he future.—Regruey Bulerprise.

"Papa, what . is a doubtful State?" asked little Freddy, who had been looking over the po-littlea news. "Marriage is a doubtful state, my son," answered Brown, with a humorous twinkle in his eye as he looked at his better hat. "Don't think you think so, Mrs. Brown?" "No, I don't think it's a state at all, " she suswered. "To me it al-ways seemed like a serror-tory." Brown was

Dispatch.

ESTABLISHED FEBRUARY & 1846. Vol. 44. No. 249. - Entered at Pittaburg Postoffice Business Office--97 and 99 Fifth Avenue News Rooms and Publishing House--75, 77 and 79 Diamond Street,

Eastern Advertising Office. Boom 46, Triber Building, New York. Average net circulation of the daily edition of THE DISPATCH for six months ending September 30, 1680, as sworn to before City Controller. 30.095

Average net circulation of the Sunday edition of THE DISPATCH for four months ending Septem-

54,188

Contes per issue.

TERMS OF THE DISPATCH. POSTAGE FREE IN THE UNITED STATES. DAILY DISPATCH, including Sunday, 3m'ths.

DAILY DISPATCH, including Sunday, I month 90

THE LAST WEEK. The last week of the Exposition opens today with every prospect of terminating the first effort of the society with a success that surpasses all expectations. It is, of course, too early to estimate financial results; but the crowds that have visited the buildings during the past three weeks, and the attendonce, which there is every reason to expect for the next six days, indicate that the returns will be such as to warrant an import-

ant increase of the scope and features of the Exposition for the future. Such a gratifying result will fully reward the labors of the gentlemen who have worked for years to provide the magnificent buildines and out the Exposition on an assured basis. While the response to their efforts has at times, seemed so slow as to almost discourage the friends of the project, the persistence and energy which carried it forward to its present success have been fully vindicated. The plans for next year's Exposition can be made with a surplus in the treasury and an assurance of public support such as will indefinitely enhance the attrac-

tions and public usefulness of the exhibi-The last week of the Exposition should be utilized by Pittsburgers in visiting the show and seeing what can be done by public union in aiding the managers to spread the

fame and credit of Pittsburg's industries.

SHOULD NOT BE ARANDONED. The discontinuance of the Signal Service stations at the headwaters of the rivers in this section is a step which can only be satisfactorily explained by complete ignorance on the part of the authorities, concerning the importance to river commerce of early and accurate information of the state of the river at those points. Not only the preparations to ship hundreds of thousands of tons of freight, but the safety of the coal ready for shipment often depends on the warnings of rising water which come from those stations. Of course if the Government discontinues the service, the rivermen will be obliged to find some means it. If it does so, the inquiry will inevitably be made as to the nature of the extraordinary expenditures which have exhausted the appropriations before half of the fiscal year

REFORM IN SLOT MACHINES. We are pleased to observe that steps are being taken to arrest the slot machine in its mad and criminal career. At the first institution of these novel contrivances they appeared to be a beneficial as well as unique invention. The ability to deposit your nickel in the slot and get what you expect, without being talked to death by an urbane clerk, who insists on selling you what you do not want, or without having to miss your train while waiting for the article to be wrapped, docketed, the change made, and the whole thing returned by a cash railway with a hieroglyphically marked slip, took

the guise of a boon to a long-suffering homanity. But the slot machine soon evinced a disposition to develop the worst features of commercial immorality. A machine which calmly receives your coined money and then stolidly omits to disclose your weight or shell out a dime novel, is doing little better than obtaining money under false pretenses. Even when it makes a pretense of fulfilling the contract, but in lieu of a glass of cold water gives you a draft about the temperature of lukewarm tea, or informs you that you weigh two tons and a half-which is a manifest libel-the beguiling mechanism is engaged in no more honest business than the stock waterer who sells the public millions of dollars worth of stock on hundreds of thousands worth of property. The similitude is not decreased by the fact that it is

impossible to put the slot machine at making barrels in the workhouse or mats at the It is therefore with great pleasure that we note a reform in slot machines. An English inventor has devised one which, when its internal economy is out of order, will honestly reject the coin and roll it out at the bottom. This is a disposition toward honesty in slot machines which we com-

mend to the emulation of more animate and a good deal bigger business agencies.

With regard to the abandonment of New England farms, which is becoming a rather prominent subject of discussion, the Philadetphia Press offers the following explans-The causes which have led to this wholesal

abandonment of New England farm lands are easily stated. The first is the case with which the rich prairie lands of the West could be acentred and their greater productiveness. A steady stream of emigrants has gone out from New England to build up the great Northwest and make its progress the marvel of the nine. teenth century. Another cause is the tariff. which has built up the manufacturing industries of New England and drawn to the towns much of the young blood of the farms. This has made farm help dear and rendered it impossible for the Vermont and New Hampshire farmer with a sterile soil to compete with the products of the Minnesota and Dakota farmers. till another cause is the summer boarding

ABANDONED EASTERN FARMS.

business, which has proved more profitable than the old methods of farming. This explanation commits the logical error of contounding effect with cause in the first point and of alleging totally inadequate

can pay for one to two thousand miles of more. transportation and cause the entire extinction of New England farming? It certainly cannot be the building up of factories by the tariff, for while that may make labor dearer, it should more than compensate in the increased demand for farm products from the farms at the doors of the factories. The summer boarder plea as a reason why the New England farmer abandons his

farm is rather severe on the summer

boarder; but its alleged profits certainly do

what is the reason that Western farmers last last chances of seeing the exhibits one

not explain the unoccupied lands in the Eastern States. The fact is that the explanation is one to which people generally close their eyes. While the farms of New England, New York and Pennsylvania are at the very doors of factories and mills, and within two to four hundred miles of the seaboard, the policy of railroad rates is to take away that advantage, and place them as far or farther away than the Northwestern farmer, in the matter of freight charges. The much berated long and short haul clause of the Inter-State Commerce law, checks this prac-70 tice to the extent of forbidding the railroads to put the Pennsylvania tarmer farther away from the seaports than the Kansas farmer; but as one is charged as much as the other, the latter has all the benefit of chean and rich lands, while the latter is deprived

of his legitimate advantage of locality. The subject is a difficult one; but it is well to see its actual presence and recognize the results inevitably involved, when it is thrust in our faces.

CONTRASTS IN INTEREST RATES.

An example of the discrepancies which appear in the rates for loans, even between localities very close to each other, is furnished by the report that the building and loan associations at Johnstown find the demand for loans so great that they are selling their money at 28 per cent premium in addition to the regular interest. At the same time the similar societies at Pittsburg and Philadelphia find it hard to get any premium

at all; while first-class mortgages in both cities are perotiable at 5 per cent or less. Of course there is some difference in the security of the high-rate loans at Johnstown and the 4 or 5 per cent mortgages in the cities near to it. But the marked difference between the building society rates is undoubtedly due to the very great excess of demand at Johnstown. But this brings out a peculiarity in the money market, as distinguished from markets for mercantile commodities. If an especial demand for grain or iron springs up at any one place, so as to enhance the the supply from other markets flows in so quickly that the only permanent difference in prices, is the cost of taking the staple from the supplying markets to the points of distribution. But the cost of transferring money from one point to another is almost infinitesimal; yet we have constantly such contrasts presented as that between the rates for secured

loans at Johnstown and those at Pittsburg, or Philadelphia, as well as that between mortgages at the East and at the West. Experience with the latter suggests the fact that the reason for these differences is the difficulty of exact and personal information for the lender, as to the character of the property on which the loan is to be secured. Nevertheless it ought to be possible for modern ingenuity to overcome the difficulty. In a case like that at Johnstown. for example Pittsburg and Philadelphia. capital ought to be able to find some means of maintaining it at their own expense. But of making loans to assist in rebuilding the world. The museum will contain working it is hardly creditable that a rich Govern- the town, with full assurance as to the sement like ours should abandon a service of curity of the loans. It would be both for the advantage of borrower and lender, to

have the rates which the latter is paving reduced and those which the former is getting advanced. That single case illustrates a need of our financial system. The device which will bring together borrower and lender, from different parts of the country, so that the former shall be assured of his security.

and the latter obtain the advantage of lower interest rates, will be a great gain to both.

A WEAKENING INFLUENCE The rather small-sized straw which was furnished by the defeat of the President's party in his own city is given more than proportionate significance by the explanation of Congressman Thomas Browne, of Indiana. He says that there are 12,000,000 people in the country eligible for office, and 9,000,000 of them want appointments. Instead of that they get disappointments. This, he declares, defeated Cleveland, and he strongly intimates that it is the trouble at Indianapolis. But hold on! The very foundation of the argument for giving offices to politicians is the assertion that it strengthens the party, and is therefore essential to political organization. Yet here we find one of the politicians declaring that the disappointment caused in the distribution of patronage defeats the administration. According to the statements of Mr. Browne. the best thing to strengthen a party would be to make it, impossible to distribute the

patronage as a political reward. The true friends of party organization in that view must be the hated Mugwumps. THE kind of wire that is causing so many deaths in New York was long ago recognized to be dangerous. The first report of the Board of Electrical Control said: "Underwriter's wire is a wire covered with tape saturated with white lead, and a certain amount of usage renders it susceptible to moisture. After being in use still longer the tape rots away and leaves the naked wire exposed." Are we to understand from

our Pittsburg electricians that none of this class of wire is now suspended over the Pittsburg streets? THE Government officials who are turning up their noses at that African scientific expedition probably are of the opinion that science is only of value when applied to

setting up the wires for carrying Congres-

sional districts or States. THE chief cook at the White House is reported to have retired because his lofty soul could not brook the interference of Mrs. Harrison in kitchen affairs. Millions of American people will stand ready to support the wife of the President on the platform that the mistress of the White House, like every other competent American woman shall be mistress of her own

THE police raids on the "speak-easies" vesterday, will knock the profits off several nonths operation of those institutions, and make the business decidedly less attractive for the future. The speak-easies must go.

THE last six days of the Exposition should bring in every one who has put off visiting it, in order that he may not miss the oppor-

TAKING OUT TEETH IN TEXAS.

From the New York Star.1 Henry Dixey says that he was once playing a small Texan town during his early stage days, and having suffered tortures with an aching tooth, at last decided to have it out. On aching tooth, at last decided to have it out. On inquiry he learned that the only dentist there was an alleged Indian doctor, whose office was located in a tent on the outskirts of the town. The fellow was an Indian only in dress, however, for in reality he was a type of the untamed cowboy of the plains.

"My tooth has been paining me dreadfully," began Dixey, as he seated himself on the only camp stool in the tent, "and I want you to give me ether, doctor."

Ways of Getting Office. From the Oil City Blizzard.] An exchange observes that when English men want office they "stand" for it. The Americans "run" for it. Both occasionally "lie" for it more or less-generally more.

rations for war will doubtless cause a great deal of subdued excitement among the irrepressible horse marines. Not Mack of a Fall.

The Only Persons Excited

The wild-eved romor about Canadian pren-

From the Chicago News.3

From the New York Herald. J public works together for the credit of the city. Those who have been there already, will not need urging to make them take the much hurt.

A correspondent asks if Boulanger's downfall will him. No, he was so near the bottom when he fell this last time that he wasn't much hurt.

Government for the speedy transit of the English mail which passes between that country and China, Japan, Australia and ports in the Indian Ocean where there are English lies and the People (G. P. Putnam's Sons, H. Watts & Co.), unless we find it in the fact that the inhabitants of Eureka Gulch were after interests.

The experimental train will be given four days. Fourteen locomotives will be run, each doing about 250 miles. These or some of them are now ready for the rail, and will be distinguished by having red smokestacks, driving wheels and running gear. Though not of extra weight, the capacity of the tender will be double that of ordinary machines. It is quite likely that the train will be put on as soon as the St. Lawrence freezes over. gold, and that that is what the monopolies are after, too. And crushing the people to get it, some will say, as the miners crushed the ore.

manufacturing interests, monopolies of mineral wealth, monopolies of transportation and communication, municipal monopolies, monopolies in trade, monopolies depending on the Govern-ment, monopolies in the labor market—these Cowboy Dentist Who Used a Mallet For an Anmathetic. are titles of some of Mr. Baker's chapters. And each of these includes the many varieties which form a class. And each of these varieties has a hundred illustrations. The web is woven pretty

me ether, doctor."
"Ether," roared the cowboy dentist, as he swing a huge wooden mallet around his head "Ether be blowed; we stun 'em here." evils due to monopoly. Wealth gets into the hands of a few, and, with wealth, power. Small competitors are ruined. Over-production causes lack of work. Men are kept in idleness. There is an essential relation between monop-

Take municipal monopolies, for instance We hardly realize how dependent we are upon the monopolies which belong simply to our existence as dwellers in cities, or suburban passenger traffic, street rallways, the water upply, the gas supply, the telegraph, the tele phone, monopolies in the ground over which we walk, monopolies under the ground—sometimes in more senses than one! Mr. Baker is not blind nor dumb as to the

nection between The Heritage of Dedlow Marsh and Mr. Charles W. Baker's Monopo-

Mr. Baker is one who says that, but he says it very temperately. There is no loss of temper

The largest revelation which most reader

will find here is the number and extent of the

monopolies which surround us. Monopolles in

nor lapse from fairness in his book.

olies and poverty.

And yet, on the other hand, competition is very little better. The choice between chronic despotism and chronic war presents a most uncomfortable alternative either way. Each side of the dilemma has a very unpleasantly sharp horn. What then? Why this, Mr. Baker sharp horn. What then? Way this, Mr. Baker says, the proper remedy for monopoly is not to get rid of it and put competition in its place. "The proper remedy for monopoly is not abolition, but control," But who shall control monopoly? The Government, Mr. Baker answers, Or, in other words—the State being, as Prof.

Summer reminds us, singly all-of-us—the people. That is what is meant by the title of the book, "Moropolies and the People,"

The last chapter sets forth practical plans for the control of monopoly. These plans are worth